

# POP LIFE

## AN OLDER GUY TAKES ON THE N'SYNC CONCERT

THE CORNER OF McFETRIDGE AND LAKE SHORE IN FRONT OF SOLDIER FIELD LOOKS LIKE A MILLION WHITE GIRL MARCH. GIRLS BEDI-ZENED IN APPLIQUÉS AND NAVEL PIERCINGS SLOUCH IN THEIR FLIMSY HALTERS, BABY TEES AND MUDD JEANS—LIKE A FASHION CONTEST WHERE THE HIPPEST GROUPIE MIGHT GET PLUCKED FOR A BACKSTAGE PRIZE SMOOCH.

Warding off a mob hawking fifteen-dollar band glossies, I'm afraid the souvenir guy is going to asphyxiate from the haze of pear-scented perfume. A construction beacon flashes "N'SYNC Parent Drop Off." This is the first sig-

nal that I may be too old for this; I have a driver's license.

In the snack line behind me is an Asian girl in a homemade T-shirt with the words "Justin's Love Slave." Apparently she's old enough to smoke, but not too old for N'Sync. Waving madly, her friend screams, "Look, they've got churros, we gotta buy some to throw on stage. I read that Joey Fatone loves churros."

Bursting forth amidst pyrotechnics, the boys emerge from a midfield stage that looks like Darth Vader's mother ship, employing choreographed moves the Bears could never match—complete with trampolines, flying dancers, steel mechanical bulls, and a 40-foot video screen, the likes I have not seen since the Paula Abdul "Forever Your Girl" tour (circa 1988).

It's reassuring to know that these multimillionaire pop deities with the love of teen women (and three beer-swilling twentysomethings in front of me) can't control everything. Having the inability to wrest control of the weather from Mother Nature, it begins to rain. And when the smoke clears, I'm a bit disappointed that N'Sync cut their set short. It may not be Weezer (although I would pay to see Rivers Cuomo flying over the stadium in a harness), but I honestly enjoyed myself. *(Mike Nagrant)*